

Dominion Day,

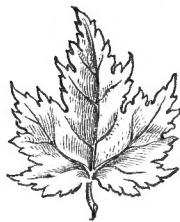
1891.



Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own my native land!"

SCOTT.

Winnipeg Public Schools.



Canada ! Maple-land ! land of great mountains !
Lake-land and river-land ! Land 'twixt the seas !
Grant us, God, hearts that are large as our heritage,
Spirits as free as the breeze.

Grant us thy fear that we walk in humility,
Fear that is rev'rent—not fear that is base—
Grant to us righteousness, wisdom, prosperity,
Peace—if unstained by disgrace.

Grant us thy love and the love of our country ;
Grant us thy strength, for our strength's in thy name ;
Shield us from danger, from every adversity,
Shield us, oh Father ! from shame !

Last born of nations ! The offspring of freedom !
Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold !
God grant us wisdom to value our birthright,
Courage to guard what we hold !

THE GREATNESS OF OUR HERITAGE.

GENTLEMEN :

From the list of subjects which were forwarded with your request, I have chosen "The Greatness of our Heritage" as being suitable for the occasion, though ill adapted for compression into a short article ; and if I address principally the elder scholars, it is because their knowledge of the history of our own and of other nations will enable them to elaborate what I must condense.

The Physical Greatness of our Heritage,

" Whose flanks are mighty Oceans,

Whose base the Northern Sea,"

needs little proof ; a single glance at an ordinary School Geography shews it to be in form, as in size, one of the most valuable portions of the Earth's surface ; and as if Providence had kept in reserve its best gifts for this latest born of nations, we have, wafted into our spacious western harbors and along our picturesque Pacific coast, the trade winds of the Western Ocean, and with them that ocean stream, heated in the cauldrons of the Asiatic coast, to aid in making flowers bloom and trees bud, near the Arctic circle, as early as on the mighty Mississippi, or the still mightier St. Lawrence, just as the great stream poured out by the Mexican Gulf foils the Ice King's blockade of the magnificent harbors of our Eastern coasts, and nourishes those deep-sea pastures of which Canada possesses the richest in the world. As a means of access to the inner part of this favored land, Nature has cleft our rugged Eastern coast with a wide and deep Gulf, from the head of which mighty rivers and great lakes bear the home-hunter to near the verge of our great Cereal Table-land, where, through future wheat fields, turn and wind the Rivers of the great Plain, the Red, Assiniboine, Souris, Qu'Appelle and Saskatchewan, and over it all there has been given to us a climate which breeds no malaria, and this great area, with its southern latitude that of Rome, is free from the pestilences which have from time to time scourged the peoples of Western Europe. I might go on indefinitely recounting our blessings, but I must limit what I would wish to say about the Physical Greatness of our Heritage, to be able to speak of its other aspects within the space allowed ; and so close with an unchallenged statement made in the Legislature of the Dominion regarding its then less well-known Western portion, as follows :

"That it has the greatest extent of coast line ; the greatest number of miles of river and lake navigation ; the greatest extent of coniferous forest ; the greatest coal measures ; the most varied distribution of precious and economic minerals ; the most extensive salt and fresh water fisheries ; and the greatest extent of arable and pastoral land of any country in the world."

Possessing this great northern heritage is a northern race, ruled by a northern Queen. Our national characteristics are northern, and the country we are so proud of is the Norland of this continent; to the northern races of the old world whence we sprang we look for our national characteristics; and although we form part of an empire so vast as to dwarf, with its population of over three hundred millions, our six or seven, yet it is these northern characteristics which, serving us so well in the past, will place us with the foremost in the time which is to come.

Who then is this Queen, whose people in this American Northland so tenderly love and deeply reverence ~~her~~? Celtic she is by her descent from Arthur, Norman by her descent from William of France, Saxon from Alfred, and from her old Norse ancestry deriving her right to sway the sceptre of the sea. As she is Celt and Saxon, Norman and Dane, so are we; for we have in this Dominion more Celts than had Brien when he placed his heel upon the neck of Odin, more Saxons than had Alfred when he founded his kingdom, more Normans than had William when he drew from them the armed host with which he invaded England, more of Norse blood than there were Norsemen when their kings ruled Britain and their galleys swept the sea. We are the descendants of all the northern kingdom-founders of Western Europe. We have the laws of Edward, of Louis, Magna Charta and the Roman Code; we have copied the constitution which English statesmen, legislators, patriots and martyrs lived or died to secure or save. We have territory, resources by sea and land, civil and religious liberty; we are heirs, equally with those who live in the British Isles, of the glory and traditions of the British Empire. The Canadian has fought side by side with the Englishman, Irishman and Scot on the burning sands of India and Africa, on the bleak battle fields of the Crimean Peninsula, fought as well, died as bravely, as any of them all; and if a degree of valor may be estimated by a single instance, it should be remembered that, by general consent of his surviving comrades, Captain Dunn, born near Toronto, received the Victoria Cross as the "bravest of the brave" in the charge of the Light Brigade; and, indeed, we need go no further than our own history to determine the military qualities of our people; for the odds and the result tell their own story, when we remember, amongst many others, Queenston and Chateauguay; and it is an historical fact that ours is one of the few countries where no foe held a long, much less a permanent footing.

But enough of war. While with just pride we remember the deeds of our ancestors for the past thousand years, and know that when necessary the blood of the sea-kings, the sturdy Saxon, the

gallant Norman and the fiery Celt, which is in our veins, will assert itself again, yet thanks be to Almighty God, our national life began and has continued in peace; and as we chose for our national emblems the Canadian beaver and our own beautiful maple leaf, so have we sought to build up, harmonize and beautify our splendid heritage; and during the short period, less than a quarter of a century, of our national life, we have made it possible for the ship which sails from Vancouver westward to land her unbroken cargo at Port Arthur; we have girded the continent with bands of steel, piercing mountains, spanning torrents; and crossing the snow-capped giants of the Rocky and Selkirk chains, linked Canada, the youngest, to Japan and China, the oldest of the empires of the Orient. We have accomplished in this short time on land that which astonishes every visitor to our shores, while we have justified our traditions on the sea, in making Canada third in rank of the maritime nations of the world; and at this moment the sails of Canadian ships whiten every sea, commanded by Canadian descendants of Drake, and Hawkins, Frobisher and Richard Grenville, Nelson and Collingwood, Cartier and D'Iberville. Better still than even this material progress is the fact that we are building the foundations of our nationality broad and deep, cemented by the mutual respect and confidence of the several parts, endeavoring to solemnize Law with the moral sanctity of Religion, and to crown it with its only appropriate capital, Lawful Constitutional Authority.

If we fulfil the traditions of our heritage, we will be a hardy, a healthy, and a moral people, and if worthy of our ancestry, a daring and a dominant race. Before the Romans knew much of the valor of our ancestors, who were destined to sack Rome and defeat them on the plains of Italy, they had learned to admire the moral character of these northern peoples. "No one among them," says a Roman historian, "makes a jest of vice, for it is not with them, as with us, an age of corrupting and corruption."

I have said nothing of our mental qualities. I have space to say but little, but no one can attend an examination in one of our public schools or in any of our colleges, nor be much with those now entering upon the much harder school of actual life, without being convinced that in all mental qualities the youth of Canada are *second to none*. On them rests the future of this great country, the exemplification of the attributes of our great race; recreant to this trust they may possibly be, but I see no sign of it in the present and nothing in the future to disturb my deep-seated conviction that they will continue as we have begun; and building this nation in the fear of Him Who gave us this Great Heritage, with love for Her who gave us national life, endeavoring, as we have done, to dissolve all differences and melt away all jealousies in the crucible of

moderation and justice, that they and their children will bequeath it to their children's children free from national stain, that they will be strong enough to preserve its unity and successful enough to cause the day we now celebrate to be even more deeply honored, and to rejoice in their birthright, which to my mind is even now the highest and best the world contains.

I have two pictures which are garlanded with Maple Leaves. One is that of our beloved Sovereign, the Queen of Canada, on whose fair young brow the Crown was placed fifty-four years ago; the other, that of the wise, experienced and patriotic men who composed the Confederation Conference at Quebec, from which sprang our national life, Honourable Oliver Mowat, Sir Etienne Taché, Geo. Brown, Sir John Macdonald, Grey, Chapais, Johnston and D'Arcy McGee are all there shewn, amid the wisest statesmen from all the Provinces. Only half of those then assembled are now living, but they who have passed away, lived and died in the belief that the Constitution then adopted and recommended to our Queen was the best which human intellect could devise for the great northern race upon this continent; and this is the heritage we receive from those founders of Confederation; this is the noble heritage this generation will leave intact, extended and strengthened, to you, the youth of this country. You will prosper so long as you are worthy of this great trust; you will be blessed in preserving and strengthening it, so long as you seek His aid to maintain it as the most precious of your birth-rights, and you will rise to that place as a people in the great Empire, of which we form a part in proportion as you follow His precepts and obey His Divine Law. Great as you are now, greater you will become, and as citizens of Canada, citizens of the Great British Empire fulfil the prophecy of the Druid priest to Boadicea, the first British Queen, that in

“Regions Cæsar's legions never knew
“Our posterity shall sway,
“Where his eagles never flew,
“None invincible as they.”

I have included in the foregoing the words and opinions of men far more able than I to judge of the present and forecast the future, and might have sent some extracts from the speeches of the Fathers of our Confederation which are full of confidence and hope, and calculated to strengthen and confirm the loyalty and patriotism of our young people; but as space does not admit, I must conclude by thanking you most cordially for the opportunity you have given me of addressing them.

and remain, very faithfully, yours,

JOHN SCHULTZ.

OUR DESTINY.

A problem of singular interest is being solved here. Two races, the foremost in the ranks of humanity, long rivals in arts and arms: the stolid, slow, but long enduring Saxon; the lively, impulsive, gallant Frank,—are here invited to share a common destiny, and work out a future of their own. The Norman and Saxon of elder centuries have united with the Celt to make England what she is. Saxon, Norman, and Celt meet here anew, under other fortunes, to make of our common Dominion what future generations will know how to prize. Men of the old French monarchy, before the era of revolutions, have been succeeded by those, who, here, under the aegis of England, have been admitted and trained to all the rights and privileges of a free people. *L'Etat, c'est moi*, was the maxim of Louis le Grand; and his descendant, Louis XVI., reaped the ample harvest of such a seed time. Happy, indeed, would be the Paris of to-day, if it could borrow the art of self-government from Quebec, and strangely constituted must his mind be, who, amid the absolute freedom of self-government which we enjoy, can dream of casting in his lot either with the sturdy Republic on our own borders, or its Gallic sister beyond the sea.

It is a privilege not to be lightly thrown away, that we share the destinies of an empire where the Rajah of a British province on the Indian ocean—beyond the farthest foot-print of the Macedonian Alexander,—sends as his loyal gift to the Olympian Games of our common nationality, the prize cup which victors from our young Dominion recently brought in triumph to our shores. The generation has not wholly passed away which stood undaunted against the banded powers of Europe; and should the necessity for it recur, it will be seen that England to herself can still be true.

Our living present, as well as the sacred memories which we inherit, as a member of that great British Confederacy which embraces in one united empire, India and Canada; New Zealand and Newfoundland; the Bahamas; the Antilles; Australia and the Cape; are too precious to be lightly cast away. But if the time is ever to come—

“Far on in summers that we shall not see,”
—when this young Dominion shall stretch across the continent, a free nation, with duties and with interests all its own; it will be for its interest as well as its honor that it can then look back only with loving memories on the common mother of the Anglo-Saxon race; while it emulates her example, and aspires to her worth.

DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.

NATIONAL STRENGTH.

In extent of territory the Dominion of Canada is larger than the United States, and nearly equal to the European Continent. But bigness is not greatness. It may be opportunity for greatness, but it is not greatness itself. A tall French general reached over Napoleon's head and handed him a book, saying, " Permit me, Sire, I am greater than your Majesty." " You are longer," said Napoleon. A man's greatness is not measured by his length, nor do length and breadth of territory make a nation great.

In climate, soil and crude material wealth, our Dominion equals any country in the world. But money does not always give strength. Athens in its palmiest days was not so wealthy as Chicago, yet no people has scored deeper marks upon the world's history than the Athenians. Where money is made the main object, the most unscrupulous men usually come to the surface. If we make money our main pursuit, we shall rise among the nations of the earth, but we shall rise as scum.

We have borrowed from the wisdom of all past ages to establish one of the best educational systems to be found on earth—but education does not always give national strength. Education is but a weapon to be used for good or evil according to the character of those who possess it. The three R's if not founded upon truth, honesty, justice and purity will only produce what some one calls a fourth R of rascaldom.

Least of all is the strength of this Dominion found in the number of its inhabitants. The question of numbers is wholly immaterial compared with that of character. A little milk and flour are better than much chalk and arsenic, and a few good and healthy men are more to be desired than a multitude of diseased rogues. The strength of this Dominion is not in its extent of territory, its gold, government, education nor multitude, but only in its sound multitude. The strength of this country is in its good men and good women; its weakness is in its bad men and bad women. Bad men are to a nation's wealth as a robber to treasure; they are to a nation's strength as rust to armor. They have power to blast, not power to bless.

We love our country, and our country is worth loving. Its queen, its government, its climate, its soil, its schools, its sanctuaries, supply charms which command our warmest affection and loyalty. The first demand made upon us by our country is that we be good men. Every bad person is according to the measure of his power, forcing his country down into weakness and shame. Every boy, girl, man and woman who is truthful, just, pure and honorable is building up this Dominion into greatness and strength.

JAMES ALLEN.

STAND BY CANADA.

The school children of to-day are the nation of to-morrow. Now at your desks and books seeking the knowledge essential to guide you through the life that is before you, soon you will be called upon as citizens to aid in directing the interests of your country. This page must necessarily fall into the hands of a number of the statesmen, orators, church dignitaries and men of professional eminence of the future central and western Canada. Among its readers will probably be no small number of the great Canadian women of the twentieth century. Is it strange that one should feel diffident about addressing people of such importance?

The responsibility of the school children of Western Canada, and of Winnipeg particularly, which is the centre of education for this new country, is no doubt far more serious than many, perhaps any, of them imagine. Confederation, when it was proclaimed on the 1st July, 1867, was a trifling affair compared with what it is now. It then included Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, or, as has been said, a few scattered settlements along the banks of a single river and the lakes. It was not until 23rd of June, 1870, when Rupert's Land and the Northwestern Territories were added to the Dominion, that the future greatness of Canada revealed itself like a splendid vision to her people. British Columbia and Prince Edward Island were added during the two years following. This completed the formation of our Dominion, and brought under the pleasing shade of the Canadian maple leaf a country more than three million and a half square miles in extent, nearly thirty times as large as the United Kingdom, larger than the United States and almost as large as the continent of Europe, the home of nearly all the greatest nations of the world. This is the country which you will soon have to unite in building up, developing and governing. Belgium in Europe is not much more than half the size of Nova Scotia, our second smallest Province, and yet there are fewer Canadians to promote the welfare and uphold the honor of our great Dominion than there are Belgians to take care of little Belgium.

You know, too, that since the addition of this great Northwest and British Columbia to Confederation, six-sevenths of Canada are in the west and nearly all the people are in the east. Right here in the centre and west of the Dominion the efforts which are to determine whether Canada shall have a glorious or an inglorious future must be put forth. The work is heavy, the hands are few, and the responsibility correspondingly great. It is because our country needs, and will continue to need in an increasing degree,

the unswerving devotion and intelligent assistance of every Canadian, that it is never too soon to cultivate the deepest possible interest in her past history, present condition and in the problems of her future. Let every Canadian school boy and school girl, who is old enough to do so, study Canadian history.

What is the moral of Canadian history? Are we an enterprising nation? Where else could you find a handful of people willing to tax themselves forty millions of dollars for a railway in the eastern provinces, and one hundred millions for so huge an undertaking as our transcontinental road? What other country with an equal population can boast of such railway and canal systems, of such public works? Was not the very formation of Confederation an enterprise that would be great in any history?

Is any nation more capable of self-government? Read of the struggles of our pioneers for honest politics, impartial judges and responsible government, and see how from their efforts grew up the Canadian parliamentary and municipal systems of to-day. "Nowhere," it has been said, "have the loyalty of the subject and the prestige of the nation been more sorely tried, and nowhere have they been more nobly vindicated or more honorably sustained than in Canada."

Are the Canadians a brave people, worthy of so great a trust as that which has been reposed in them? History points us in reply to the events of 1775, and 1812, to Queenston Heights, Stoney Creek, Moraviantown, Chateauguay, Chrysler's Farm and Lundy's Lane:—

"O thou that bor'st the battle's brunt
At Queenston and at Lundy's Lane,—
On whose scant ranks but iron front
The battle broke in vain!"

"Whose was the danger, whose the day,
From whose triumphant throats the cheers,
At Chrysler's Farm, at Chateauguay,
Storming like clarion bursts our ears?"

Whatever may be the future of our great country—and no dishonorable future can await the Canadian people—read her history, become familiar with the genius of her institutions, the instincts and aspirations of her people, and, above all, stand by her, rain or shine!

—F. C. WADE.

OUR DOMINION.

Canada is not merely a string of Provinces, fortuitously strung together, but a single nationality; young, but with a life of its own; a colony in name, but with a national spirit, which though weak, is growing stronger daily; a country with a future, and worthy of the loyalty of its sons. It means in the next place the settled conviction that the honor of Canada must always be maintained, no matter what the cost, and that Canadian interests are of first importance. Any man who is animated by these convictions is a true Canadian, no matter what his views may be as to the political form that the Dominion is ultimately to assume.

It is a wide and goodly land, with manifold beauties of its own, with boundless resources, that are only beginning to be developed, and with room and verge for empire. Each province has attractions for its children. * * * It has been my lot to live for a time in almost every one of our provinces, and to cross the whole Dominion, again and again, from ocean to ocean, by steamer or canoe, by rail and buck-board, on horse-back and on foot, and I have found, in the remotest settlements, a remarkable acquaintance with public questions and much soundness of judgment and feeling with regard to them; a high average purity of individual and family life, and a steady growth of national sentiment.

I have sat with the blackened toilers in the coal mines of Pictou and Cape Breton, the darkness made visible by the little lamps hanging from their sooty foreheads, have worshipped with pious Highlanders in log-huts, in fertile glens and on hill sides, where the forest gives place slowly to the plough, and preached to assembled thousands, seated on grassy hillocks and prostrate trees; have fished and sailed with the hardy mariners, who find "every harbour, from Sable to Causeau, a home;" have ridden under the willows of Evangeline's country, and gazed from north and south mountain on a sea of apple-blossoms; have talked with gold miners, fishermen, farmers, merchants, students, and have learned to respect my fellow countrymen and to sympathize with their Provincial life, and to see that it was not antagonistic, but intended to be the hand-maid to a true national life.

Pass from Annapolis Royal into the Bay of Fundy, and then canoe up the rivers, shaded by the great trees of New Brunswick. Live a while with the *habitants* of Quebec, admire their industry, frugality and courtesy; hear their carols and songs, that blend the forgotten music of Normandy and Brittany with the music of Canadian words; music and song, as well as language and religion, rooting in them devotion to "Our Language, our Laws, our Institutions." Live in historic Quebec, and experience the hospitality of Montreal. Pass through the Province of Ontario, itself possess-

ing the resources of a kingdom. Sail on lakes great enough to be called seas, along rugged Laurentian coasts, or take the new Northwest passage by land, that the Canadian Pacific has opened up from the upper Ottawa, through a thousand miles once declared impracticable for railways, and now yielding treasures of wood, and copper and silver, till you come to that great prairie ocean, that sea of green and gold in this month of May, whose billows extend for nigh another thousand miles to the Rocky Mountains, out of which great provinces like Minnesota and Dakota will be carved in the immediate future. And when you have reached the Pacific, and look back over all the panorama that unrolls itself before your mental vision, you will not doubt that the country is destined to have a future. You will thank God that you belong to a generation to whom the duty has been assigned of laying its foundations; and knowing that the solidity of any construction is in proportion to the faith, the virtue and the self-sacrifice that have been wrought into the foundation, you will pray that you, for one, may not be found wanting.

REV. G. M. GRANT, D.D.

A COUNTRY TO BE PROUD OF.

Above all, remember, things are not with you as they were a few short years ago. British North America is no longer a *congeries* of disconnected Provinces, destitute of any strong bond of sympathy or mutual attachment. You are no longer Colonists or Provincials—you are the owners, the defenders and guardians of half a continent—of a land of unbounded promise and predestinated renown. That thought alone should make men and soldiers of you all. Life would scarcely be worth living, unless it gave us something for whose sake it was worth while to die. Outside our domestic circle there are not many things that come up to that standard of value. But one at least you possess—a country you can be proud of; and never should a Canadian forget, no matter what his station in life, what his origin or special environments, that in this broad Dominion he has that, which it is worth while both to live for and to die for.

LORD DUFFERIN.

When men unto their noblest rise,
Alike for ever see their eyes;
Trust us, Grand England, we are true,
And, in your noblest, one with you.

A PROSPECT.

But mark, by Fate's strong finger traced,
 Our country's rise; see time unfold,
 In our own land, a nation based,
 On manly worth, not lust of gold.

It's bourne the home of generous life,
 Of ample freedom, slowly won,
 Of modest maid and faithful wife,
 Of simple love 'twixt sire and son.

Nor lessened would the duty be,
 To rally then around the throne,
 A filial nation, strong and free,
 Great Britain's child to manhood grown.



WHAT CANADIAN MEANS.

You have a variety of pursuits in this country. Determine to be of use to the land which has given you birth. Determine to be a credit to it. Remember you are Canadians, and remember what this means. It means that you belong to a people who are loyal to their Queen, whom they reverence as one of the most perfect of women, and as their Sovereign; and who see in her the just ruler under whose impartial sway the various races, creeds, and nationalities of this great Empire are bound together in happiness and unity. But to be loyal, means even more than this. It means that you are true to your duties to your fellow countrymen, and that you will work with and for all, for the common weal and brotherhood and tolerance. It means, finally, that you will be true to your self-respect, that you will do nothing unworthy of the love of your God, who made you in His image, and set you in His fair land. I believe that you will each and all of you be loyal and true Canadians, that you will devote your energies throughout your lives for the good of your native province, and for the welfare of this wide Dominion, and I feel in speaking to you that I address those whose children will assuredly be the fathers of a mighty nation.

LORD LORNE.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen;
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the Queen!

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustate their knavish tricks.
On Thee our hopes we fix;
God save the Queen!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign;
May she defend our laws
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!